

- FIRE-LOG -

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS.

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ELEVENTH EXHIBITION

Compliments of

F. W. DEVOE

AND

C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.

New York Art students' League gallery

THE
SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS
OF
THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE
OF NEW YORK

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N48
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1902



FIRELOG OF THE ELEVENTH
ANNUAL EXHIBITION, 1902



Jury for 1902

CHAS. C. CURRAN
FRANCIS MURPHY
BRUCE CRANE
CHAS. MONTGOMERY FLAGG
L. C. EARLE

The Society of American Fakirs

215 West Fifty-seventh
Street, New York & &

Copyrighted, 1902
by
The Society of American Fakirs

Printed by
The Willett Press
New York

62026 To Mr. Samuel C. Shaw this
humble effort of the Fakirs
is respectfully dedicated ❧ ❧

Gift 1950

Announcement



OWING to the exudation of the caloric contents of last year's catalogue, and the resulting disastrous conflagration, the Board of Control, together with the Managers of the Fine Art Shanty, to prevent a similar catastrophe, have compelled the Society of American Fakirs to adopt a new cover as a protection to its patrons and incidentally to the building.

OSIFERS
OF THE
SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS

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WILLIAM CHADWICK and CHAS. FROI DE VEAUX, <i>Vice-Presidents</i>	
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Exhibition—H. J. Wibel, *Chairman*.

Side Show—Harold M. Brett, *Chairman*; Arthur Brown, Arthur Scott.

Press—Everett L. Warner, *Chairman*; S. J. Woolf, A. J. Clapham.

Foreword

THIS is the eleventh time we have soaked them, and we're soaking them hard this time. We have been down stairs and jumped on every picture worth jumping on, and now you have the Catalogue, and in it we have roasted everybody upstairs who is worth roasting. So that if we have said something particularly flattering about you don't get angry, but merely look at the soaks on the other fellow.

You know what we are—a society for the promotion of cruelty to art—and these yearly outbursts afford us an opportunity to have our say in the Art World.

The money which we net is invested in securities and the interest therefrom pays for scholarships in the League. This year we have awarded nine of them to deserving students.

On May first, at two o'clock, we will auction off the fakes, and on the evening of May second we will dance and be merry.



Don't Miss the Auction or the Dance



LIST OF SCHOLARSHIPS, 1901-1902

Men's Life—J. Jordan, E. L. Warner, H. L. Hoffman, A. W. Crisp.

Evening Life—H. Wibel.

Women's Life—Miss H. Osborne.

Men's Modeling—Mr. Burdick.

Women's Modeling—Miss Solomons.

General Scholarship—Chas. Froi de Veaux.



- Ping Pong Cadwick**—Society's Exclusive Portrait Painter.
Dooley—A Professional Art Student.
Sammy Woolf—Old enough to know better.
Froi de Pieds—Was cold veal. Now a dancing master.
Sheby—Gone to Grass.
A Meal Dexheimer—A retired somnambulist.
Hoibie—I want to be a Military Man.
Squab—I guess I'll have to telephone my baby.
Bleareyed Jakey Big Slob—Doped.
Church—How to be happy, though married.
King—Too much Johnson.
And Co—The silent Partner.
Wilson high ball.
Art Brown—Who wants to be an illustrator.
Hoffy—The fakir's standby.
Full o' beans—VICE president.
Gus—All fools are not dead yet.
Coffin—A poifect loide.
Sonny Crisp—He can't help it.
Trobaugh—Five dollars for a paint box but not one cent for a treat.
Cornstalk—I'm so tired, O so tired.
Butch—Buried alive (moved to Yonkers).
Hath a way—But it's wrong.
Dixon—A gregarious animal.
Scott—Great scott.

Warner—The fakir's, and, incidentally, his own, press agent.

Clap him on the back, and wake him up.

Fisher—Use Omega Oil for that misplaced eyebrow.

Brannan—Has had his Day.

Bath bun Evans—Creases his trousers with a mattress.

Ray—A little ray of sunshine; look at his hair.

Kafka—Art is long and Kafka's short.

Anheuser Busch Strallen dorferisky—Round and rosy.

Matty—A Sandwich Islander.

Bloomfield—It's raining in London.

Try Burrows for that juicy feeling in Art.

Jimmy the Peach not Jimmy Carrots.

Dryzie—The honest smoker.

Sinclair—Flat House Molly.

T Square Thomas.

Verrier—Just because he made those goo-goo eyes.

Hillberg—The Mt. Vernonite, the target for lemon rinds and vanishing points.

Invalid Banks—Cold feet and chilblains.

Crawford—Mum's the word.

Little Billee—The wild-eyed westerner, or the lion of the Students' Club.

Craig Art Review.

Wah Lee—Washing doesn't pay, so has taken up art.

Oh, pardon me Hurd, don't you know.

Kassel—Yes.

Frankenberg—Another lost sheep from Mt. Vernon.

Warmecke—Silent John.

Hunter Hunting for pictures to take.

What happened to Jones' beard?

Wibel—President of the Students' club.

THE LOIDIES

- Bigelow**—We put you first so as not to forget you.
- Farrington**—Girls, behave ; the men are looking through the holes.
- Smart** }
Walter } —Do your Mammass know you're out ?
Shram }
- Wyman**—Use Omega Oil for that superior feeling ; bound to bring you back to earth.
- Walker** }
Burns } —Attendants to the above.
- Hopstein**—Little Gwetchen.
- Tucker**—Sang for her supper, got a League lunch instead. Kindly omit flowers.
- Nash**—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mowbray.
- Gear**—Slightly out.
- Whitehead**—The model doesn't fit my drawing. (No wonder.)
- Schofield**—The League is not the only place for double poses.
- Osborne**—Got a calling down, from the ladder.
- Barse**—Works in the Lunch Room or any other old place.
- Waller** }
Hartley } —Silence is golden—silver for sale.
- Wragg**—Ought to be soaked.
- Packard**—When I studied abroad.
- Carpenter**—Makes wooden legs.
- Dougherty**—Successor to Miss Simpson.
- Andrews**—Art is a joke—your work looks it.
- Hazelhurst**—I ken the menner of her gait.
- Frechette**—Aren't those men horrid.
- Winterbottom**—The White Rabbit.
- Stevens**—A transplanted mudlark.
- Mrs. Ward**—An ideal chaperone. Friends wanting introductions apply here.
- Sibbald**—He admires me, too.

Gifford—She of the giggle.
Crocker—No relation to Dick.
Fletcher—Do you play ball?
Hardy—Of the (s)elect.
McKnight—My neck is longer than yours.
Haugan—Fixes her hair before she answers the telephone.
Spackman—Our inspiration.
Wills—She can always have her way.
Brakespeare—Thank you ever so much for the swipes
 which you contributed.
Ballin—Won't you draw a picture in my book?
Noe—Please don't soak me hard this year.
Stripe—Quite a star.
Clark—Where, oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?
Martin—Monarch of all she surveys. (Very nearsighted.)
Rigby—Authorized successor to Little Eva.
Edgren—Me husband woiks on the Joinal.
Freeland—Maid of Orange.

MUDLARKS

Gullidge, but not gullible.
Precious as a Ruby, though only a garnet.
Gregarious to a degree.
Charley, the town topic.
Vinegar as far as the name is concerned.
Jones, Castles in Spain to let.
Knobby, at times brassy.
S. Myth of Chicago.
Abstemious, during Lent.

To the numerous little girls who hang their coats in the antique class and work on the stairs and in the hallways, we would say that space prevents us from naming them individually, but nevertheless we hope that they will have better sense in a couple of years.



THE SHAW FUND.

The Shaw Fund of fifty dollars in pennies will be devoted to the purchase of three decompositions painted in anything by American Fakirs, containing one or fewer ideas, to be selected by the jury from the fakes in the exhibition.

The things thus chosen to become the property of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the fund.

THE SALTUS PRIZES.

Two prizes of fifteen and ten dollars each, given by Mr. J. Sanford Saltus, will be awarded for the two posters best advertising the Fake Show.

THE MILHAU PRIZE.

The Milhau Prize of five dollars will be awarded to the author of the least meritorious fake. The picture thus chosen to become the property of Miss Jack Milhau, Esq.

The S. A. F. adds to this a signed photograph of Miss Simpson.

COSTUME PRIZE.

A prize of five dollars will be awarded at the Fake Dance to the costume which is the best fake on any picture in the Society's exhibition.

Mr. Dooley (not "Mac") at the Art Students' League.

"Faith, Hinessy," said Mr. Dooley, "Oi don't know phwat to make of it. Oi have visited avery institushion of a sim'lar koind, but in all moi axperience Oi've naver seen one to compare with this. Shure Bloomingdale's and Bellevue are not in the same class with it, for at both of the aforementioned places some sort of reshtstraint is exorcised over the inmates, but, faith, here they run around woid. And phwy don't they make some of tham comb their hair, Oi dunno? To me also it phwould same a pretty good oidea to supply clane straight-jackets to a few.

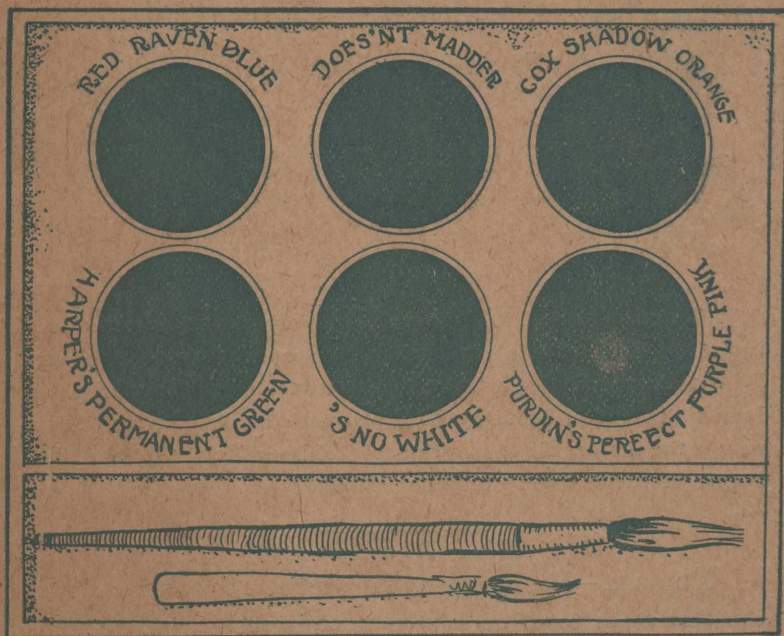
"Look at ye there. See the old lady cumin' upshtairs with a huge tin box and one of those paintin's that rale artists make with one hand when th're mixin' paint on canvas with the other.

"And gaze over there, will you? See that tall feller with the spics tellin' the others that he's Moike Angelo, and they belave him, too. Shure Moike has been dead these two years. Didn't he fall from the ladder phwen he was carryin' the hod?

"Let's go in the rooms, Hinessy. Shure if they don't belave the're all painters. They must be endevring to make illushtrations for an analyses of the various animiles present at a bad attack of the delirious trimmings.

"They holer 'Trate' at us, do they? Poor things, they amagine we're aisy. Now phwat does Chapoo mane? Look out for the soap, Hinessy. Don't get mad. You look as if some one had ofereed you a piece of Lemon poi on St. Patrick's day. You must axpect to get hit at one of thase rough houses.

"Come, let's begone. It always has a tremenshously dapressin' effect on me to visit one of thase places. Just to think phwat iligant p'licemen and hod-carriers some of those big phoine fellers phwould have made, and phwat respectable pot-wristlers some of the wimen moight have daveloped into, with a little tranecin'; and there they sit up there soillin' paper and wastin' good paint that might have gone to make the Capitol grane."



The Fakir's Color Box.

(For External Use Only.)

SIG.—Grasp the brush firmly in the right foot, and, having erased all the drawing from the paper, dip it (the brush, not the paper) into a solution of Omega Oil and Carrie's Coffee, or, if a light wash is desired, use kerosene. Having done this, pick out the color that you want and put it on the paper. Follow the directions closely. If they don't work, ask Abraham.

Use three times a day.



Questions on Etiquette



The management, having received numerous questions concerning rules of etiquette in high society, has secured the services of Mr. William Askme Casket, who, with the valuable assistance of Mlle. Lucretia Borgia, of Mulberry Bend, will answer all inquiries of this nature for the benefit of our readers. Neither Mr. Casket nor Mlle. Borgia will write for any other publication.

DOOLEY.—No, my dear young man, it is not considered the best form to sit on a table in the lunch-room, particularly when the young ladies occupying it have paid for their own drinks.

BARSE.—The best place to hang your clothes is in the coat-room, not on the table in the lunch-room.

DOUGHERTY.—It's alright to listen to other peoples' conversation, but be careful that you are not observed.

HAUGAN.—We cannot recommend any proprietary article in these columns. However, if you will enclose postage we shall be pleased to send you the name of the oil with which you can grease your laugh.

Numerous inquiries have been received asking if the couch in the Members' Room is reserved. We have been unable to discover. Possession, you know, is nine-tenths of the law.

BARELLE.—For names to be added to your Committee, we would refer you to the lists of members of the various old ladies' homes.

WEAVER.—The management will positively refuse all tickets purchased of speculators. For that reason we do not think it would be a good idea to buy up the auction tickets ahead of time.

ROSSE.—We know of no book on how to become popular in two months.

BRANDON.—As far as we know they are not engaged.

RAE.—Unless you have a very bad cold we think that perhaps it would be better for you to remove your hat in the lunch-room.

MR. POUCHER.—You behaved as any other lady would have under similar circumstances.



ALPHABET

A is for Annie, so rosy and fair,
Who deals out the crullers and tea;
Though she serves out the grub as quick as she can,
We're much better waiters than she.

B is for Ballin, too staid for her years,
More like December than June;
Rather music than art is instilled in her breast,
So on many a heart plays a tune.

C for Clarissa, so sassy and spry,
Her faults you must really forgive,
For poor little Morgan is drawing her breath
And by this Art can manage to live.

D is for Dickson, all tied in a knot,
To Somebody's blue apronstring;
She makes paddy cakes out of pretty white clay,
And he eats them for lunch, the sweet thing.

E is for eyes of the goo-gooing type,
Deliciously limpid and lustrous;
Grew on Le Bourgeois, who blows hard and strong,
Becoming occasionally blustering.

F is for Fancher, more often called Butch,
Who works when he thinks he is able;
The worst thing he does is to hang 'round a "Coach"—
Not the kind that we keep in a stable.

G guileless girls, with susceptible hearts,
Why not form a sort of society
For the purpose of petting, one at a time,
Your Chadwick, who must have variety.

H is for Hoffy, our Music Man bold,
At poker he's quite the real thing;
He drew but one card at some game, so it's said,
And it proved both a Queen and a King.

I for Instructors, fifteen in all,
Who teach us to draw pretty pictures,
And when we are good they are hung on the wall,
Along with the rest of the fixtures.

J is for "Jolliers," an injudicious quartette,
Without them the League would be drear;
They have formed a trust not to work in the place—
Crisp, Bunny Hoffman and Spear.

K is for Kraft, with red raven hair,
Young, giddy, hopeful, not wise;
Would much rather draw than eat, she declares,
Having once sampled one of our pies.

L is for League, full of genius and cranks,
Run by the members so gay (?)
Who do funny stunts and cut up foolish pranks,
And drive all the artists away.

M for McDougall—what a hero he'd make,
If he weren't Remorse in disguise;
Gather round him, girls, he's not half so bad as he seems,
And let him look into your eyes.

N is for Nicholls, may he be changed into sense,
Though well groomed, well brushed, and well bred;
He's en-thrall-ed by a maid with a winsome smirk,
Who has managed to turn his flat head.

O for the Fakirs, and likewise hurrah!
They run both the auction and dance;
And, to say pretty things about all your friends,
They publish a book—here's your chance.

P is Pullich, a nice little boy,
He's in love with a maiden so staid;
He's lucky, no doubt, but our feelings go out
For the poor unfortunate maid.

Q is for Quibs, and, while they are hot,
We still have a few more to serve;
Sammy Woolf couldn't draw if we cut off his hair,
For the zephyrs would cool off his nerve.

R is for Ray—not of sunshine, but X—
 To draw cart and horse he is able;
 But sometimes the horse, not the cart, he does draw,
 And in that way he's turning the stable.

S is for Spear——— ! !
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T is for Truman. Like a maiden of old, “
 She wanders about when it's late.
 She had better look out for the goblins and beasts,
 And remember Red Riding Hood's fate.

U is that U, gentle reader, I pray, “
 Will not take offense at the fool things we say.

V venomous vipers, gadzooks, and behold,
 Little Brakespeare's about to be bright;
 We could all of us try it if we lived on a diet
 Of Sapolio and licorice light.

W is Weaver, an industrious name.
 He sat in the office all day,
 With his feet in his mouth, and a pipe on the desk,
 Selling Student tickets for pay.

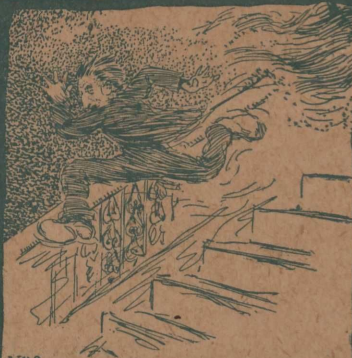
X is a letter useless and void,
 For being it has no excuse;
 Like Hardy and Russell, two beautiful boys,
 Respected and loved like the deuce.

Y for a yodel, gurgle and trill,
 Sweeter than honey, by far;
 Her art is eclipsed by that silvery laugh—
 The wonderful Haugan ha-ha.

Z Zenith of art, to which we aspire,
 'Tis a high, rocky journey to go;
 If you stick to the path you will trudge there in time,
 But for heaven's sake don't stub your toe.



№ 1.



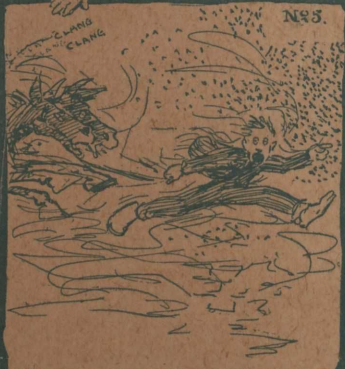
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№ 4.



№ 5.



№ 6.

"A SONG WITHOUT MUSIC OR HOW
ABRAHAM SAVED THE LEAGUE"

Fakesly Hall.

Watchman, let me stare a little, leave me in this oily storm;
Let me hear, and when they're coming sound upon thy
bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the Fakirs rave,
Wily gleams about the gallery, spying o'er the paintings
grave.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the paintings
drear,
In the Spring the weary painter shows the world another
smear.

With a spring the forlorn Fakir plunges into Crimson Lake,
In the Spring his fitful fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fake.

Der Life uf Ryson Rurroughs.



CH ! wegates und rausmitim, und vile a cloud
uf Bull Durham makes of itself much mistiness
arount us, und mit der shades uf Rembrant
und Mickey Angelo kervaking in der
boots, ve vill chump right into der life
uf Ryson Rurroughs, der Boy Artist.

Rys vas borned ad an early
age, und ven quite a tiny chil-
drens tried ter draw der tail
from der cat out, vich showed
he vould be a great artist, chust
like Svinnerton und Fritz.

Vun histrionic day vile he
vas running a milk route out
ad Lonesomhurst he sed to his
fadder, "I vill a great painter
be, I feel it my bones in," und his fadder, taking der pipe
from his mouth out, sed, "Vell, chust vent out und brace
bainting der fence."

Mit er loud bunch of artistic yell Rys fled away und
took a course uf study at the Superannuated Art Fakirs
League, und other loose articles vich vere nod chained down.
Pretty soon alretty he took der Prize uf Rome, und mit der
cash left ofer from bribing der judges, left dis country und
his debts, for five cheerful years, vile der native inhabitants
stood demselves on der docks und vid mtch unanimousness
visselled, "I doan care uf you neffer came back."

Bud he came back, yes, in der steerage, und took to
fresco bainting in der saloons mit such a life-like imitation-
ness uf Puve Dechavan, dot it made dot artist cry like he
had much onions eaten ven he saw some uf it in a Bowery
drinkfest. Rys vas den hired for tree tollars a week to teach

der Night Life bunch, so he could fint out vat real vork vas like, und den he vould talk French to der model mid er Hoboken weinerschnitzel accent, und sometimes alretty dance der Spanish dance mit der Castinets, und der boys knew he vas der hot tobasco stuff, because his hair vas big lengthwise.

In der last chabter uf dis vunderful life ve see that he took eins prize uf der Amalgamated Society uf Tee Square ven der door keeper vas chasin' der can und vas nod vatching, und den he sold a bunch uf paint to a blind man who wanted it ter keep der crows from der cornfield out.

Dis life vill be continuationed in our next, and deaches us der great immoral, dat it is more artistic to baint dan to teach, but not as good for der stomachs, yes?

GROSSE KATZENJAMMER.

Vaulting Ambition

Mary entered at the League,
Took an evening class;
Then she added life-work,
And portrait, silly lass.

Kept up composition,
Did a little outside work—
Mary's with the angels now
But Mary was no shirk.



HIS NIBS—JOHN AT LARGE.
Honorary President S. A. F.

Opening Night of the Society of American Artists.

By Our Special Correspondent on the spot.

"Oh, fudge," sighed Bruce, craning his somewhat elongated neck around that mortuary chapel for paintings known as the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, on that gala occasion, opening night.

Jolting Bones, observing the pivotal movement of his head, exclaimed:

"Rubber!"

"Just what I need," replied Bruce, in a rye (sic) manner.

This was too much for the winner of the Cobweb Prize, who muttered:

"Oh, Pshaw! I can't stand another like that."

"Just one more," said the genial Samuel T.

"We were not addressing you," replied Bruce. "My friend was only endeavoring by the use of a Pseudonic Synonym to express the extreme pain that this uncultured mob produces upon him."

The group was now increased by a fourth member who, in short gasps, said, "Well the exhibition seems to be drawing a crowd, and drawing after all is the principal part of art." He suddenly stopped and wildly endeavored to get the buttonhole of his dress shirt over one of his thirty-five-cent studs. Kenyon then continued, "My wife's in the crowd."

"Very true, very true," said Georgia Bars, coming up.

"There are some ladies in the room," Willie Chaste suggested.

To which Alice Simplesimon responded, "I'm another."

"How did you get in here?" growled John At Large, vainly trying to look through his goggles without breaking the glass, and the same time keeping his big hands in his trouser pockets as a substitute for suspenders.

The remark was passed over without a satisfactory explanation, so the conversation lagged for a few minutes. The number of speakers by this time had been increased, and many of the most prominent fakirs were now among the crowd.

"Who's that distinguished-looking guy with a face like one of Curran's paintings?" asked Jay W. Alexgander.

"Oh," replied Byson, with a knowing wink, "that's William Numskull Coughing—now, that's a real artist for you."

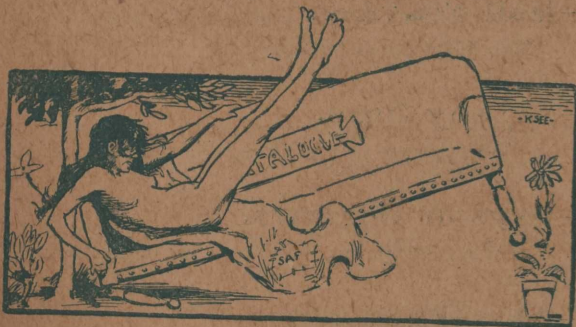
"That he is, indeed," put in Mulebray.

"Well, what do you know about art, anyway?" sneered Irving Wild, pulling the bunch of spinach on his inferior maxillary.

"Did he exhibit this year!" asked the bald-headed man, who doesn't sell pictures.

"Only for a few days," explained Byson, apologetically, "but he took his painting home because they hung it in the cellar."

"Perfectly right of him," Mary O. K. Doing added, "look where they hung my picture. I regret now that I ever sent it."



16—Willy Cheese Pinchit.

Portrait of a Windmill owned by the Reform Club.

17—Pall Mall Mudscow.

A Man who Got There by Degrees.

18—Heavy Rain.

The Clouded Sun—or a Bark in high C.

21—Whistling Jimmy.

The Land of Lazy Ann.

25—Will he Hide.

Thy Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

44—Hennery Pretzels.

Fore Sail.

47—Electric Currants.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, or Coney Island after Dark.

55—Alice and her Mother.

Poking Her in the Slats.

83—Hell Warner.

The Night Hawk's Revery.

93—Skinny Soxs.

Wooden Notes Out of Tune. Fine fake.

118—Bryson Borrow.

Always Green, or Don't Worry while Father has Work.

125—Aby Whensell.

The Corn Curer.

181—Maggie Knowall.

A Bad Attack of Yellow Jaundice.

219—Carrots Buckwheat.

Portrait of Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, or Neckties Reduced to Seven Cents.

233—Louis Slob.

The Gin Blossom.

235—Goosey Gander.

The Black Cat—five cents a copy.

244—Jolting Bones.

Oily Spring.

243—Chinchilla Boa.

Portrait of a Lady. (Sixty reduced to nineteen.)

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To the Society of American Fakirs:

Dear Sirs—We respectfully suggest that the old robe de nuit which adorned the picture of the Fakir is out of date, and we ask leave to submit sketch showing THE LATEST THING IN PAJAMAS.

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